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Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

by P. P. Pratt. Boston.

I
In a small Second hand
Book Store in the town
of Macclesfield, Cheshire
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it for (2 d.) two pence.

R. L. Morris

August 21, 1893

Stephen L. Morris
Salt Lake City.

THE

MILLENNIUM,

A POEM.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

HYMNS AND SONGS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

New and Interesting,

ADAPTED TO THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES.

"And they sung a new song, saying thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.—REVELATIONS v. 9, 10.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR ELDER PARLEY P. PRATT,

AUTHOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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PREFACE.

The writer of the following poem was born in the town of Burlington, Otsego County, New York, on the 12th of April, A. D. 1807. He became early impressed with the necessity of knowing and doing the will of God. At the age of twentythree, having searched the scriptures carefully and prayerfully, he became convinced that an overturn was at hand such as had not been known upon earth. He saw that wickedness must have an end; the earth be sanctified, and creation cease to groan under its pollution; that this would be brought about by nothing less than an entire destruction of all who would not obey the Gospel, and that, by the overwhelming judgments of God poured forth upon all nations. And having obeyed the gospel, and united with the church of Latter Day Saints, he was ordained, by the

spirit of prophecy and revelation, under the hand of Elder O. Cowdery, in Sept. 1830. From that time to the present he has continued to preach the gospel; calling upon all men, where he could be heard, to repent and prepare for the great day of the Lord. He has travelled about twenty thousand miles in the United States, during the last five years, coveting no man's silver or gold; not counting his life dear to himself if he can but finish his course with joy, and the ministry he has received of the Lord Jesus.

The Millennium was written in about two months, while journeying the distance of ten or twelve hundred miles, and preaching almost daily, and also attending seven or eight general conferences of the elders of the church. With the mind thus occupied; with only time to write a line now and then, he could not be expected to do justice to a subject of such vast sublimity, or to dwell at full length upon every branch of a subject of such vast importance and extent. This would require years of close application, and give rise to volumes. Nay, it would require the tongue of angels and the pen of more than mortal, to set it forth in all its

glory; it has exhausted the eloquence of ancient prophets — the melody of the sweet singer of Israel, while the spirits of just men made perfect, and all the heavenly host have sang the exhaustless theme in strains forever new — its glories yet untold.

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND.

If these few lines imperfectly thrown together, serve to call the attention and to rouse the mind of man from that long slumber into which they have fallen, by reason of not giving heed to the sure word of prophecy, as unto a light that shines in a dark place until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in their hearts. If it leads them to careful investigation and inquiry into the great truths of revelation, that they may understand, and be prepared so as not to be in darkness, and that day come upon them unawares; if it tends to edify the saints, and to inspire their minds with faith and devotion, the writer will have gained his end.

THE AUTHOR.

THE MILLENNIUM.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Location of the Ten Tribes—The way prepared—Their return to their own lands—The waters divided—Their return contrasted with their going out of Egypt.

A glorious theme the sacred muse inspires,
Cheers up the soul, and tunes the sounding lyre;
Lights the dark vale of sorrow, pain and wo,
And gives to man a paradise below.
The joyful time, by prophets long foretold,
At length comes rolling on the astonished world;
When God, the second time, should set his hand,
To gather Israel to their promised land.
An ensign to the nations now is reared,
The standard waving, and the way prepared;
Let kings and empires tremble at his word,
And gentile nations all their aid afford.
What though Assyria's captives long and lone,*
Have wandered outcasts to the world unknown,
In some far region of the frozen north,
Where pale Borileous sends her meteors forth!!

* The Ten Tribes.

Where fields of ice unbounded block the road,
To keep intruders from their drear abode;
Where no sweet flowers the dreary landscape cheer,
Nor plenteous harvests crown the passing year.
What though the land where milk and honey flowed,
And peace and plenty crowned their blest abode,
Has by the Gentiles long been trodden down,
And desolation reigned o'er all the ground:
Yet soon the icy mountains down shall flow,
The parched ground in springs of water flow,
The barren desert yield delicious fruit,
Their souls to cheer, their spirits to recruit;
Mountains before them levelled to a plain,
The valleys rise, the ocean cleave in twain,
The crooked straightened, and the rough made plain,
The way prepared, lo, Israel comes again!
The seven streams of Egypt's rolling flood
Shall feel the power and might of Israel's God,
Their waves on heaps, like towering mountains rise,
They cross dry shod, with wonder and surprise.
And thus with joy Assyria's captives come,
In grand procession to their ancient home;
A scene of joy and wonder more sublime
Than all that passed in hardened Pharaoh's time,
When captive Israel raised to heaven their cry,
And Moses came, commissioned from on high,
Poured the ten plagues on Egypt with his rod,
The monarch trembling, owned the power of God,

And filled with envy, rage and wild dismay,
Thrust Israel forth, and bade them haste away;
Then moved with wild despair that all was lost,
He straight pursued them with his numerous host;
Before them stretched the vast expanded sea,
And mountains, on each side, hedged up the way,
The roar of chariots armed, pressed on their rear
In dread array, and filled their souls with fear;
Till Moses o'er the sea stretched forth his rod,
And cleared a passage through the mighty flood;
And soon, with safety, led his armies through;
But Pharaoh, close behind, did still pursue;
The floods returning with majestic roar,
His armies sunk, o'erwhelmed, to rise no more;
While Israel still pursued their joyous way,
Their God, in fire by night, in cloud by day,
Before them moved, majestic to behold!
Until on Sinai's mount the thunder rolled,
And lightnings flaming in one general glare,
While clouds of smoke hung on the darkened air:
Jehovah spake! the trumpet, long and loud,
Earth's whole foundation to the centre bowed.
Israel and Moses quaking stood around,
A sudden trembling seized the solid ground:
Moses, at length, drew near; the law was given,
Of justice, equal weights, and measure even;
And angels' food became their constant bread,
A month on quails their numerous hosts were fed,
The rock was smitten, and a fountain burst,
Poured forth its cooling stream to quench their
thirst:

His angel led them all their journey through;
The nations trembling, fainted at the view;
Their mighty walls fell tumbling to the ground,
Destruction swept the nations, all around.
But, lo! a scene more glorious strikes my view
Than Israel ever saw, or Egypt knew:
Ten thousand times ten thousand I behold,
Returning home, as prophets long foretold:
Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice again,
And all prepare for king Messiah's reign.

CHAPTER II.

Situation of the Jews, from their dispersion to the present time, and the desolation of their land and city—Their restoration to the Land of Canaan—Rebuilding of Jerusalem and the Temple.

Lo! Judea's remnants—long dispersed abroad,
Without a prophet, king, or priest of God—
Have wandered exiles from their native home,
To darkness doomed, till their deliverance comes;
Their city, once so glorious to behold,
Their temple, decked with precious stones and gold;
The seat of wisdom, and the light of kings,
Where mighty nations did their tribute bring,
Have long remained in one wide ruin round,
And desolation reigned o'er all the ground.
But comfort ye my people, saith your God;
Proclaim the joyful tidings far abroad:
Thy sins are pardoned, and thy warfare o'er,
Thy sons and daughters now shall grieve no more;
But kings thy nursing fathers shall become;
Their ships, and beasts, and chariots bring thee home.

The Gentiles, in their arms, thy sons return;
Thy daughters on their shoulders shall be borne;
Trees crowned with fruit their fainting souls shall
cheer,
Their desert land like Eden shall appear;
Their fields, where desolation long has reigned,
Shall now be fenced, and tilled, and sowed again;
And flocks and herds, in plenty shall be seen,
O'er all the plains they feed in pastures green.
Thy ruined cities shall in splendor rise,
Thy lofty towers point upwards to the skies;
Thy temple reared, most glorious to behold,
Its courts adorned with precious stones and gold:
All things restored, as prophets long declared,
Thus king Messiah's way shall be prepared.

CHAPTER III.

Situation of the remnant of Joseph from the fall of the Nephites A. D. 400, to the discovery of America by Columbus—Effect upon the natives at first view of European vessels—Kind reception of the first Europeans by the natives—War with the Indians and their defeat—Rapid settlement of the eastern shores.—The war renewed, subsequent sufferings of the colonies—They again drive the red man—Their settlements advance to the Ohio and the lakes—Further struggle of the natives, their final submission.

Rise, heavenly muse, and leave those scenes of joy,
Awhile let other climes, thy pen employ,
Extend thy vision, cross the mighty deep,
And o'er Columbia's scenes, in anguish weep.
See Joseph's remnants, long in darkness dwell,
Since by their hands a mighty nation fell,*
The light which once illumed their happy land,
Where towns and cities, did in order stand,
Had slumbered long; beneath their mouldering towers,
Their flowery landscape, and their shady bowers;
Had long been scenes of cruelty, and blood,
The scourge and wrath of an avenging God:

* The Nephites.

When lo! a scene of wonder, struck their view;
O'er the vast deep, an object, strange and new;
Came g'iding swiftly onward, to the shore,
Part fish, part fowl, or something to adore;
They gazed, with admiration, and delight,
As plainer still, the object hove in sight:
Nor little dreamed, the Gentiles were at hand,
To smite, and drive them, from their blessed land;
With warmest friendship, they their guests sustain,
Untitl oo late, they find their struggles vain:
Whole fleets and armies, lined their lengthened
shore;
With din of armour bright, and cannon roar;
Their cities burned, and drenched with human
gore,
They sunk in ruin, and were known no more.
See Gentile cities, on a sudden rise,
Their lofty spires point upward, to the skies,
Where late the shades, spread o'er the red man's
grave,
A sacred bower in memory of the brave.
See boundless forests, still around them spread,
From north to south, an immeasurable shade;
Where mighty chieftains, oft the signal gave,
And struggled long, their country for to save,
Tribes rose to vengeance while their councils rung,
And liberty still thundered from their tongues;
Onward they rushed with rage and wild despair,
The midnight war whoop rent the darkened air;
While terror seized their unsuspecting prey,
And blood of infants, marked their dreadful way!

Towns wrapped in flames, and women captive led,
Where cruel torture filled their souls with dread,
Once more the Gentile stung with keen revenge;
Pursues the red skin, o'er the woodland range:
Till darkened swamps become their wild retreat;
And there prepared, the advancing foe they meet;
With desparation they their cause maintain;
Till many a chieftain fell. Their struggle vain,
Till by superior force o'erpowered they yield,
And leave the pale-face master of the field.
From the St Lawrence snow invested wild's,
To Florida, where constant verdure smiles,
Their towns and cities sprinkle all the shore;
The midnight war whoop there is heard no more.
But as their rapid settlements advance,
To the dark wilds, round Erie's vast expanse,
Or o'er the Alleganics bend their course,
Where broad Ohio's waters have their source;
The natives roused once more, in dread array,
Assert their rights, spread terror and dismay;
Till overpowered again, they take to flight
And with reluctance, yield their lawful right.
But tribes remoter still, with dread surprise,
Alarmed at their approach, vindictive rise,
Renew the conflict with redoubled force;
With dreadful slaughter mark their vengeful course,
Till checked by force, superior to their own,
Again they fly discouraged, and undone.
Reduced in numbers, give the struggle o'er,
Tamely submit, and seek their rights no more.

CHAPTER IV.

The American Revolution—Its effect upon other nations—French Revolution—Revolution of Greece, Poland, &c.—Present prosperity of the United States of America—Present state of the Indians—Indian prayer.

Meantime the Gentiles break their foreign yoke ;
While tyrants tremble, at the dreadful stroke,
Assert their freedom, gain their liberty,
And to the world proclaim, Columbia free.
O'er ocean's wave, triumphant in the breeze,
Her banner floats, o'er all the distant seas,
Where dire oppression, long with tyrant sway,
Had ruled mankind, and led them far astray.
With admiration seized, the nations all,
Filled with delight, Columbia's deeds extol ;
And gazing still, they catch the sacred fire,
And love of liberty their souls inspire.
While nations oft, in their extended plan ;
From slumber wake, to claim the rights of man,
Empires o'erturned, and tyrants headlong hurled,
The voice of freedom echoes round the world.
First, France arose, in triumph led the way,
Till love of conquest led them far astray ;

And dire ambition seized the helm of state,
Through seas of blood, where millions met their fate:
Till they reluctant, give the struggle o'er,
And rest content, with rights enjoyed before,
And next the Greeks, their ancient spirit caught,
From long oppression roused, they bravely fought,
They burst the Moslem chains, emerging free,
Through seas of blood, obtained their liberty.
Poland in turn received the sacred fire,
Her noble sons for freedom did aspire;
And struggling long, at length they bravely fell.
But cease, my muse; the tale forbear to tell,
And turn again, unto the favored shore,
Where freedom's genius kindly hovers o'er,
See states and nations joyfully extend,
Their wide domain, almost from end to end;
From the far eastern shores of rugged Maine,
To wild Missouri's rich and flowery plains,
The harvest fields with rural plenty crowned;
And flowery gardens, flourish all around;
The humble cottage, and the lofty dome,
Each crowned with plenty, form an equal home.
See on her lakes, and on her thousand streams,
Her vessels float, impelled by sail or steam,
While busy commerce floats along her seas,
With sails expanded wide before the breeze;
Far o'er the wave, her rich produce they bear,
And in return, bring every kind of ware,
To clothe her sons, her daughters to array,
In linen fine and silk and purple gay;
Thus peace and plenty crown Columbia's soil,
A rich reward of industry and toil.

Lo! the poor Indian if he chance to roam
O'er the wide fields, he once could call his own;
Where oft in youth, he sported in the chace,
Mourning the change, he scarcely knows the
place;
With bursting heart, his streaming eyes survey,
The sacred mound where lies his fathers' clay.
O'erwhelmed with grief, to heaven he lifts his
eyes,
Before the throne, his prayers like incense rise:
"Great spirit of our fathers, lend an ear,
Pity the red man, to his cries give ear,
Long hast thou scourged him, with thy chastening
sore,
When will thy vengeance cease, thy wrath be o'er;
When will the white man's dire ambition cease,
And let our scattered remnants, dwell in peace?
Or shall we, (driven to the western shore)
Become extinct, and fall to rise no more?
Forbid, great Spirit; make thy mercy known,
Reveal thy truth, thy wandering captives own,
Make bare thine arm of power, for our release,
And o'er the earth extend the reign of peace."

CHAPTER V.

Coming forth of the fulness of the Gospel.—Restoration of the Indians and their gathering West of the Mississippi, by the present Administration, in fulfilment of prophecy —Commission and Ministry of the servants of God in the last dispensation—Commencement of the gathering of the Gentile Church—Their persecution and dispersion in fulfilment of prophecy, from which reflections are drawn on the subject of persecution in general—The enduement of the servants of God and their ministry among all nations—The power of God displayed in making bare his arm in the eyes of all the nations—They flow to Zion—Possess the land in peace—Build up a holy city no more to be thrown down—The wars, earthquakes, pestilences, famines and signs in heaven above and earth beneath which are to precede the Millennium—The resurrection of the saints—The coming of Christ with all his saints—The burning of the wicked—The restitution of the earth with all its blessings.

Yε gloomy scenes, far hence; intrude no more;
Sublimer themes invite the muse, to soar
In loftier strains, while scenes, both strange and new,
Burst on the sight, and open to the view.

Lo from the opening Heavens in bright array,
An angel comes, to earth he bends his way,
Reveals to man, in power, as at the first,
The fulness of the Gospel, long since lost.
See earth obedient, from its bosom yield ;
The sacred truth, it faithfully conceal'd,
The wise confounded, startle at the sight,
The proud and haughty, tremble with affright ;
The hireling priests, against the truth engage,
While hell beneath stands trembling, filled with rage.
False are their hopes, and all their struggles vain,
Their craft must fall and with it, all their gain ;
The deaf must hear, the meek their joy increase,
The poor be glad, and their oppression cease.
See Congress stand, in all the power of state,
Destined like Cyrus, now to change the fate
Of Joseph's scattered remnants! long oppressed,
And bring them home, unto a land of rest ;
Beyond the Mississippi's rolling flood,
A land before ordained by Israel's God!
Where Zion's city, shall in grandeur rise,
And fill the wondering nations with surprise!
From north, and south, and east, behold them come,
By tens of thousands, to their destined home!
From heaven's king, commissioned to proclaim,
Repentance, and baptism in his name.
His servants to the Gentiles lift their voice,
While tens of thousands, in the sound rejoice
And they to Zion bend their joyful way
With songs of joy and gladness hail the day :

The priests and people, filled with dread surprise,
Alarm'd at their approach, vindictive rise,
And lest the power of truth should still prevail,
They think to cause the prophecy to fail.—
And if by fire and sword, the saints they drive,
While other sects and parties grow and thrive,
As bloody persecution, lifts her thong,
All parties cry at once, the saints are wrong;
For if they were the chosen of the Lord,
He would protect them, and fulfil his word.
O fools, and slow of heart, to understand,
The prophecies, concerning Zion's land.
Have ye not read the words of them of old?
When wrapt in vision clear, they have foretold
The wicked deeds that you of late fulfill'd,
The scenes that have transpired on Zion's hill?
He that is truly wise, will search and see,
He that 's already blind, more blind shall be,
One truth is clear, the ransomed shall return,
Another is, the wicked shall be burned.
How vain the thoughts, that stripes would change
the mind,
Convince the judgment, and convert mankind,
Or cruel scourge of mobs, with all their rage,
Make man believe, that this enlightened age,
Needs no repentance, faith, nor nothing more,
Than the religion, they enjoyed before.
If persecution were good argument,
Why not the Jews, make ancient saints repent?
Paul of all men, the hardest to reclaim,
Stoned, whipt, imprisoned, still remained the same,
Ten thousand heretics, rejoiced in fire,
While priests for their conversion did aspire.

'Tis true the Romans, many converts made,
When they the inquisition call'd to aid,
Perhaps these modern times, have made a few,
Who turn'd from saints, to join the drunken crew;
But persecution spreads the truth abroad,
Makes servants bolder in the cause of God,
Adds to their numbers, twice ten thousand more,
And makes them stronger than they were before.

See men commission'd in Messiah's name,
Wide o'er the earth the joyful news proclaim;
While from on high, the spirit's power descends
On all the saints that bow to his commands,
The deaf shall hear, the blind their sight receive,
The dumb shall sing with joy, the dying live,
The lame shall leap, and all mankind behold,
Jehovah's arm made bare, like days of old.
While his elect to Zion gather home,
From every tribe and nation, see them come:
See o'er the land where desolation reign'd,
The saints in peace, enjoy their rights again.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Zion rise,
Prepare to meet the city, from the skies,
Let Joseph's remnants, at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend,
While Gentile saints, thy spacious courts shall throng,
And join their voices in the general song;
No more shall proud oppession, drive thee hence,
Nor terror come, for God is your defence.
Come, gentle muse, suspend the joyful lay
And o'er the earth, let 's take a wide survey;

Soft touch the lyre, in slow and mournful strains,
And sing of scenes, where death and sorrow reign;
See dire commotion seize the nations all,
While blood and war the stoutest hearts appal,
Kingdom on kingdom, in confusion hurl'd,
System on system wreck'd throughout the world,
Sect against sect in bloody strife engage,
Man against man, in single combat rage,
While widows mourn the loss of husbands slain,
And virgins for their bridegrooms, weep in vain,
While pining famine wastes their strength by day,
And pestilence oft seizes on its prey,
Earthquakes in turn, in bellowing fury roar,
And ocean's waves roll frightful to the shore.
See through the heavens, the sun in sackcloth mourn,
The moon to blood in frowning anger turns,
The stars affrighted, from their spheres are hurled,
System on system wreck'd and world on world,
Earth's whole foundation, to the centre nods,
And nature trembling, feels the power of God.
While Michael sounds the trumpet loud and long,
See from their graves the saints unnumbered throng,
See through the air, the ocean, and the earth,
Their dust reviving, bursting into birth,
See bone to bone in perfect order fly,
While sinews, flesh, and skin their place supply;
And every hair all number'd in its place,
Immortal beauty, does their temples grace.

Thus formed anew, with joy they mount on high
And wing their passage to the upper sky;
Meantime the heavens rend, while wrapt in fire,
The nations see the glory of Messiah;
With all the saints to earth he bends his way;
In flames descends, who can abide the day,
The great, the rich, the mighty loudly call,
Saying, O ye rocks, and mountains on us fall.
But fire consumes the wicked, branch and root,
And leaves their ashes trodden under foot.
Behold the Mount of Olives, rend in twain,
While on its top he sets his feet again;
The islands at his word obedient flee;
While to the north, he rolls the mighty sea;
Restores the earth in one, as at the first;
With all its blessings, and removes the curse.

CHAPTER VI.

The binding of Satan—Pouring out of the spirit upon all flesh—Harmony of all the beasts of the earth, while peace and the knowledge and glory of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea—The faith of Abel the first martyr—Enoch's song—The testimony of many of the holy prophets and apostles—And the general expectation of all the saints in all nations and generations.

Lo! Satan bound in chains, shall rage no more,
Nor tempt mankind, till thousand years are o'er;
But perfect peace and harmony extend,
Their wide domain, to earth's remotest ends,
All flesh shall feel the spirit from on high,
The wolf and lamb in peace together lie.
The cow and bear, shall feed in pastures green,
While in the shade, their young ones shall be seen,
The lion cease to be a beast of prey,
And like the harmless ox shall feed on hay;
The little child secure from harm shall stray,
O'er poisonous serpents' dens, shall fearless play;
In all God's holy Mount, shall naught destroy,
But men for pruning hooks, their spears employ;
Their swords to ploughshares turned, shall till the ground,
While plenteous harvests flourish all around,

And earth overwhelm'd with knowledge of the
Lord,
Like as the waters fill the mighty flood ;
While king Messiah reigns, the king of kings,
And saints and angels join his praise to sing.
Hail, glorious day, by prophets long foretold ;
And sought by holy men, from days of old ;
Who found it not, but readily confessed,
As pilgrims here, they sought a promised rest ;
Hear Abel groan, as first he yields to death,
And is succeeded by his brother Seth ;
He dies in faith, to wait till Christ appears ;
To rise and reign with him a thousand years.
Hear Enoch too, the wonderous scene foretell,
While future glories did his bosom swell ;
The vail was rent, while wonders strange and new
Before him rose, and opened to his view.
Long, long he heard the earth in anguish mourn ;
Saw heaven weep, while oft his bowels yearn'd ;
While all eternity, with pain beheld
The scenes of sorrow which his bosom swell'd :
He saw the Lamb on Calvary expire,
While rocks were rent, and cities wrapped in fire ;
He saw him burst the tomb, and mount on high,
Enthroned in glory, mid the upper sky.
Obtained the promise, he would come again
To earth, in triumph with his saints to reign,
His soul was glad with joy he tuned the lyre ;
And sung the glorious reign, of king Messiah.
Hosanna to the Lamb, that shall be slain ;
All hail the day, when Zion comes again ;

Out of the earth the truth in power he sends,
While righteousness from heaven, shall descend,
And these shall sweep the earth, as with a flood
To gather out the purchase of his blood;
Unto the Zion which he shall prepare;
And Enoch with his city, meet them there
When all the ransom'd saints, shall join the lay
And shout hosanna in eternal day.
Wide o'er the earth, the Saviour's name extend;
And peace o'er all prevail, from end to end.

Thus Enoch sang, while all the heavenly choir;
Join'd in hosanna, to the king Messiah.
Noah too by faith beheld the scene afar;
And as a type, he did the ark prepare.
Condemned the world, by water overthrown,
While to his view, the light triumphant shone
He gazed with joy on all the glorious scene,
But mourn'd the darkness, that should roll between.
Abram with joy, beheld the day of rest;
When in his seed, all nations should be bless'd,
And gladly wandered, as a pilgrim here;
And fell asleep, to wait till Christ appears —
In sure and certain hope, to rise and reign
In Canaan's land, a right he had obtained.
Isaac and Jacob, had the glorious view,
Rejoiced in death, and so did Joseph too:
While patient Job, in pain look'd far away,
Saw his Redeemer in the latter day,
Stand on the earth, while he himself should rise,
And in the flesh, behold him with his eyes.

Moses and Joshua, Samuel and Isaiah,
Did each in turn, this solemn truth declare;
While David tuned the lyre in joyful lays;
Spake of Messiah's reign, and sung his praise.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Joel, Zacheriah,
And Malachi, have spoken of Messiah;
When he should set his feet on earth again,
Burn up the proud, and o'er the nations reign.
Jesus and Peter, John and James, and Paul,
The time would fail me here, to mention all;
Who wrapt in vision clear, in turn foretold,
The day of wonders I would fain unfold.
Lehi, Nephi, Alma and Mosiah,
Abinedi, who once rejoiced in fire;
Mormon, Moroni and Ether, testified;
For this they lived, and in this faith they died;
And all the saints of God, in all the earth,
Down from Old Adam, to the latest birth;
And all the vast creations, which extend,
Through boundless space, till man can find no end,
And all the heavenly host, around the throne,
Shall sound his praise in reverential tone;
Millions unnumber'd, at his feet shall fall,
Hail him as king, and crown him Lord of all.

SONGS.

SONG I. Common Metre.

HISTORICAL SKETCH FROM THE CREATION TO THE PRESENT DAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

When earth's foundation first was laid;
The heavens in order stood;
And all the works God's hand had made,
His word pronounced good.

But soon the happy scene was changed,
For man to whom 'twas given,
To choose the way of life or death,
Transgressed the law of heaven.

And thus the evil seed was sown,
And death through all their race;
In which creation long has groan'd,
In pain to be released.

'T was then the scene of love began
To be revealed on earth ;
By angels borne from heaven to man
The gospel's heavenly birth.

The God of heaven, shall send his son,
For man to bleed and die ;
And rise again that man may rise,
And reign with him on high.

Repentance and baptism then,
By angels were revealed,
The holy ghost descending down,
The heirs of glory seal'd.

Thus men began to exercise
Their faith in Jesus' word,
With joy to embrace the gospel plan,
And call upon the Lord.

But many then would not believe,
But soon forgot the Lord ;
Soon Enoch rose with mighty power,
Being call'd to preach the word.

He preach'd repentance and baptized,
Through all the happy land,
The people who in Zion dwelt,
Were of one heart and mind.

At length the city was not found,
For God received it up ;
The residue were left to drown,
And in the prison shut.

But Noah the eighth, was saved by faith;
When warn'd an ark to build,
And seven of his family,
From whom the earth was fill'd.

PART SECOND.

Again the nations left the Lord,
To worship stocks and stones,
Forgot the wonders of the flood,
And sunk in darkness down;

And then again was God reveal'd
To Abraham, his friend,
Called him to leave his house and home,
To view a chosen land.

To thee and to thy seed, he said,
I give this blessed land,
Though like the stars for multitude,
And numerous as the sand.

But Abram died a stranger in
The land 't was to him given,
Nor owned a place to set his foot,
On it beneath the heaven.

His seed possessed it for a while,
Became a sinful host;
And then ten tribes were led away,
And to our knowledge lost.

From time to time were led away,
Of Israel's chosen seed,

Dispersed o'er islands of the sea,
As all the prophets read.

And thus the ages rolled away,
The appointed time drew near,
As all the prophets had declared
That Christ must soon appear.

John, like a bright and morning star
Rose to prepare his way,
Proclaimed repentance, and baptized
Whoever would obey.

The son of God at length appeared,
And was baptized by John,
The Father sent the spirit down
And owned him for his son.

He to his own the gospel preached,
His own received him not,
Despised all his mighty works,
And counted him as naught.

At length their Lord they crucified,
While nature stood amazed,
The solid rocks in sunder rent,
While Jew and Gentile gazed.

But soon the third bright morn appeared,
When rising from the dead,
To his disciples he appeared
And thus unto them said :

PART THIRD.

Go ye and preach in all the world,
Baptizing in my name,
He that believes and is baptized
Salvation shall obtain.

Then rising from Mount Olivet
Unto his Father's throne.
On high to reign until he claims
The kingdoms for his own.

His servants then, in mighty power,
Soon made his gospel known,
The Jews reject while Gentiles come,
And glad their Saviour own.

The Jews dispersed through all the earth,
Jerusalem trodden down,
In desolation long has lain,
And cursed has been the ground.

The Gentile churches for a while
Produced the natural fruit,
Being grafted in the natural vine
Partaking of the root.

But soon the fruit became corrupt,
By flatteries and lies,
Teachers in pride were puffed up,
The simple truth despised.

Great Babylon at length arose,
In mighty power to reign,

Nations and kings became corrupt,
And many saints were slain.

The scriptures of their plainness robbed,
And mystery thrown around,
That men might sup her golden cup
And all true knowledge drown.

Thus generations long have past
And age on ages rolled,
The latter day approaching fast,
Its glories to unfold.

Our fathers of the Gentile race
Traversed the western main,
And found a wide extended land,
Of valley, hill, and plain.

This land was peopled with a race,
Which long had dwelt alone,
No record nor tradition traced
Their origin unknown.

The Lord in mercy has disclosed,
The truth so long concealed,
The record found beneath the ground
Has glorious things revealed.

This is the land which Moses blessed,
To Joseph and his seed;
These are the everlasting hills,
'T was for his bounds decreed.

SONG II. Long Metre.

CHARITY AND TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Behold the man whose tender heart
  Expanded with a Saviour's love,
Wide as eternity expands,
  His bowels with compassion move.

He looks on Zion from afar,
  He hears her captive exiles groan,
Then leaves his wife and children dear,
  His brethren and his peaceful home,

And hastens at his Lord's command
  To call his brethren from afar,
As volunteers for Zion's land,
  That in her sorrows they may share.

He dare assert her injured cause,
  And sound the trump of freedom when
They trample on his country's laws,
  And disregard both God and man.

His distant brethren hear the sound
  And rise to march to Zion's land;
Behold the armies gathering round
  Against the powers of hell to stand.

The little stone begins to roll,
  It shall prevail and never cease,
But fill the earth from pole to pole
  With freedom, union, love and peace.

SONG III. Long Metre.

THE OPENING OF THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES.

When Earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned
And all man's precepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain:

A voice commissioned from on high,
Hark, hark, it is the angel's cry,
Descending from the throne of light,
His garments shining clear and white.

He comes the gospel to reveal
In fulness, to the sons of men;
Lo! from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will!

Translated by the power of God,
His voice bears record to his word;
Again an angel did appear,
As witnesses do record bear.

Restored the priesthood, long since lost,
In truth and power, as at the first;
Thus men commissioned from on high,
Came forth and did repentance cry.

Baptizing those who did believe,
That they the spirit might receive

In fulness as in days of old,
And have one shepherd and one fold.

Ye Gentile nations, cease your strife
And listen to the words of life ;
Turn from your sins with one accord,
Prepare to meet your coming Lord.

Let Judah's remnants far and near
The glorious proclamation hear,
For Israel and the Gentiles too,
The way to Zion shall pursue.

Their voices and their tongues employ
In songs of everlasting joy ;
The mountains and the hills rejoice,
Let all creation hear his voice.

From north to south, from east to west,
In thee all nations shall be blessed,
When Abram and his seed shall stand
Unnumbered on the promised land.

SONG IV. Long Metre.

CHRIST'S MINISTRY TO THE NEPHITES.

The solid rocks were rent in twain,
When Christ the Lamb of God was slain ;
The sun in darkness veiled his face,
The mountains moved and left their place.

And all creation groaned in pain
Till the Messiah rose again;
When earth did cease her dreadful groans,
The sun unveiled his face and shone;

The righteous that were spared alive,
With joy and wonder did believe,
And soon together they convened
Conversing on the things they'd seen;

Which had been given for a sign,
When lo, they heard a voice divine,
And as the heavenly voice they heard
The Lord of glory soon appeared.

With joy and wonder all amazed,
Upon their glorious Lord they gazed.
And wist not what the vision meant
But thought it was an angel sent.

While in their midst he smiling stood,
Proclaimed himself the son of God,
He said, come forth and feel and see,
That you may witness bear of me.

And when they all had felt and seen
Where once the nails and spear had been,
Hosanna they aloud proclaimed
And blessed and praised his holy name.

He then proceeded to make plain
His gospel to the sons of men,
The prophecies he did unfold,
Yea, things that were in days of old,

And everything that should transpire
Till element should melt with fire,
Commanding them for to record
The sayings of their risen Lord;

That generations should be blessed,
And with him in his kingdom rest;
But O! what scenes of sorrow rolled
When he the future did unfold!

Four generations should not pass
Until they'd turned from righteousness,
The Nephite nation be destroyed!
The Lamanites reject his word,

The gospel taken from their midst,
The record of their fathers hid,
They dwindle long in unbelief,
And ages pass without relief.

Until the Gentiles from afar,
Should smite them in a dreadful war,
And take possession of their land,
And they should have no power to stand.

But as their remnants wander far,
In darkness, sorrow and despair,
Lo! from the earth their record comes
To gather Israel to their homes.

First to the Gentiles 'tis revealed,
The prophecy must be fulfilled;
That they may know and understand
His gospel and no more contend.

Hear! O ye Gentiles, and repent,
To you is this salvation sent;
God to the Gentiles lifts his hand,
To gather Israel to their land.

SONG V. Particular Metre.

THE NEPHITES, LAMANITES AND GENTILES.

O who that has search'd in the records of old,
And read the last scenes of distress;
Four and twenty were left who with Mormon beheld,
While their nation lay mouldering to dust.

The Nephites destroyed, the Lamanites dwelt,
For ages in sorrow unknown;
Generations have pass'd, till the Gentiles at last,
Have divided their lands as their own.

O who that has seen o'er the wide spreading plain
The Lamanites wander forlorn,
While the Gentiles in pride and oppression divide,
The land they could once call their own.

And who that believes, does not long for the hour,
When sin and oppression shall cease,
And truth like the rainbow display through the shower,
That bright written promise of peace.

O, thou afflicted and sorrowful race,
The days of thy sorrow shall end;
The Lord has pronounced you a remnant of his,
Descended from Abram his friend.

Thy stones with fair colors most glorious shall stand,
And sapphires all shining around;
Thy windows of agates in this glorious land,
And thy gates with carbuncles abound.

With songs of rejoicing to Zion return,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee;
The powers of heaven among you come down,
And Christ in the centre will be.

And then all the watchmen shall see eye to eye,
When the Lord shall bring Zion again;
The wolf and the kid down together shall lie,
And the lion shall dwell with the lamb.

The earth shall be filled with knowledge of God.
And nothing shall hurt or destroy,
And these are the tidings we have to proclaim,
Glad tidings abounding with joy.

SONG VI.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE, OR FREEDOM, PEACE, AND LOVE.

Hark! listen to the gentle breeze,
O'er hill or valley, plain or grove,
It whispers in the ears of man,
The voice of freedom, peace and love

The flowers that bloom o'er all the land,
In harmony and order stand,
Nor hatred, pride or envy know,
In freedom, peace and love they grow.

The birds their numerous notes resound,
In songs of praise the earth around,
Their voices and their tongues employ,
In songs of freedom, love and joy.

And then behold the crystal stream,
With multitudes of fishes teem;
In silent joy they live and move,
In freedom, union, peace and love.

The mountains high, the rivers clear,
Where heaven sheds her dews and tears,
In silence, or with gentle roar,
The God of love and peace adore.

The earth, and air, and sea, and sky,
The holy spirit from on high,
And angels who above do reign,
Cry peace on earth, good will to men.

But most of all a Saviour's love.
Was manifested from above,
He died and rose to life again,
Our freedom, love and peace to gain.

But man, vile man, alone seems lost,
With hatred, pride and envy tossed,
His hardened soul does seldom move,
In freedom, union, peace or love.

For him, let all creation mourn ;
O'er him did Enoch's bowels yearn,
Till he was promised, from above,
A day of freedom, peace and love.

SONG VII. Particular Metre.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

This earth shall be a blessed place,
To saints celestial given ;
Where Christ again shall show his face,
With the redeemed of Adam's race,
In clouds descend from heaven.

Yes, when he comes on earth again,
The wicked burn as stubble ;
Thus all his enemies are slain,
And o'er the nations he shall reign,
And end the scenes of trouble.

The trump of war is heard no more,
But all their strife is ended ;
While Jesus shall all things restore
To order, as they were before,
And peace o'er all extended.

Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice,
While saints shall flow to Zion,
And rear the temple of his choice,
And in its courts unite their voice,
In praise to Judah's Sion.

Hosanna to the reign of peace!
The day so long expected;
When earth shall find a full release,
The groanings of creation cease,
The righteous well protected.

Come, sound His praise in joyful strains,
Who dwell beneath his banner;
He'll bind old Satan fast in chains,
And wide o'er earth's extended plains,
The nations shout *Hosanna.*

SONG VIII. Particular Metre.

REDEMPTION OF ZION.

Lo, far in the realms of Missouri,
When peace crowns the meek and the lowly,
The loud storms of envy and folly
May roll all their billows in vain.

The wicked, with evil intention,
May rouse all their powers of invention,
With lying, intrigue and contention,
Their end will be sorrow and pain.

The saints, crowned with songs of rejoicing,
To Zion shall flow from all nations,
Escaping the great conflagration,
They find out the regions of peace.

Though scattered and driven asunder,
As exiles and pilgrims to wander,

A scene on which angels do ponder,
Yet Jesus will bring their release.

When empires of Babel shall tumble,
Their fabrics in ashes shall crumble,
The Lord will provide for the humble
A city of refuge and peace.

There, there the Lord will deliver
The soul of each faithful believer,
And save them forever and ever,
And sorrow and sighing shall cease.

The saints for those blessings aspire,
And wait with exceeding desire,
Till earth shall be cleansed by fire,
And they their inheritance gain.

Hosanna, such blessings inspire
A song from the heavenly choir,
They sing of the coming Messiah,
From heaven in glory to reign.

SONG IX. Long Metre.

REFLECTIONS, ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Another day has fled and gone,
The sun declines in western skies,
The birds retired, have ceased their song,
Let ours in pure devotion rise.

The moon her splendid course resumes,
She sheds her light o'er land and sea,
The gentle dews in soft perfumes
Fall sweetly o'er each herb and tree.

While here, in meditation sweet,
Those happy hours I call to mind,
When with the saints I oft have met,
Our hearts in pure devotion joined.

Those friends afar I call to mind,
When shall we meet again below;
Their hearts affectionate and kind,
How did they soothe my grief and wo.

As flowers in their brightest bloom,
Are withered by the chilling blast,
So man's fond hopes are like a dream,
His days how fleet, how swift they pass.

But cease this melancholy moan,
Nor sigh for those who will not come,
For Israel surely will return
To Zion and Jerusalem.

There is a source of pure delight
Forever shall support my heart;
For Zion's land 's revealed to sight,
Where saints will meet no more to part

MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

How fleet the precious moments roll,
  How soon the harvest will be o'er:
The watchmen seek their final rest,
  And lift a warning voice no more.

Another year has roll'd away,
  And took its thousands to the tomb;
Its sorrows and its joys are fled,
  To hasten on the gen'ral doom.

And eighteen hundred thirtyfive
  Is rolling swiftly on the wing,
And soon the leaves and tendrils thrive;
  A token of returning spring.

The fulness of the gospel shines
  With glorious and resplendent rays;
The earth and heav'ns show forth their signs,
  As tokens of the latter days.

Ye chosen twelve, to you are given,
  The keys of this last ministry—
To every nation under heaven,
  From land to land, from sea to sea.

First to the Gentiles, sound the news
  Throughout Columbia's happy land,
And then before it reach the Jews,
  Prepare on Europe's shores to stand.

Let Europe's towns and cities hear
The gospel tidings angels bring;
The Gentile nations far and near,
Prepare their hearts His praise to sing.

India's and Afric's sultry plains
Must hear the tidings as they roll—
Where darkness, death and sorrow reign,
And tyranny has long controll'd.

Listen, ye islands of the sea—
For every isle shall hear the sound:
Nations and tongues before unknown,
Though long since lost shall soon be found.

And then again shall Asia hear,
Where angels first the news proclaim'd:
Eternity shall record bear,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

The nations catch the pleasing sound,
And Jew and Gentile swell the strain,
Hosanna o'er the earth resound,
Messiah then will come to reign.

FAREWELL SONG.

Farewell, my kind and faithful friend—
The partner of my early youth,
While from my home my steps I bend
To warn mankind and teach the truth,

How oft in silent evening mild,
I to some lonely place retire—

Thy love and kindness call to mind,
  Then lift a voice in humble prayer.

O Lord, extend thine arm of love
  Around the partner of my heart,
For thou hast spoken from above,
  And called me with my all to part.

Preserve her soul in perfect peace,
  From sickness, sorrow and distress,
Until our pilgrimage shall cease
  And we on Zion's hill shall rest.

How gladly would my soul retire
  With thee, to spend a peaceful life
In some sequestered humble vale,
  Far from the scenes of noise and strife.

Where we should grieve our souls no more,
  Nor rage of sin disturb our peace;
Our troubles, toils, and sufferings o'er,
  There lies and persecution cease.

But lo! the harvest wide extends—
  The fields are white o'er all the plain—
The tares in bundles must be bound,
  While we with care secure the grain.

Shall we repine when Jesus calls,
  Or count the sacrifice too great,
To spend our lives, as pilgrims here,
  Or lose them for the gospel's sake?

When Jesus Christ has done the same,
  Without a place to lay his head,

A pilgrim on the earth he came,
Until for us his blood was shed.

Shall we behold the nations doomed
To sword and famine, blood and fire,
Yet not the least exertion make,
But from the scene in peace retire?

No; while his love for me extends,
The pattern makes my duty plain—
I'll sound, to earth's remotest end,
The gospel to the sons of men!

Farewell, my kind and faithful friend.
Until we meet on earth again—
For soon our pilgrimage shall end
And the Messiah come to reign.

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